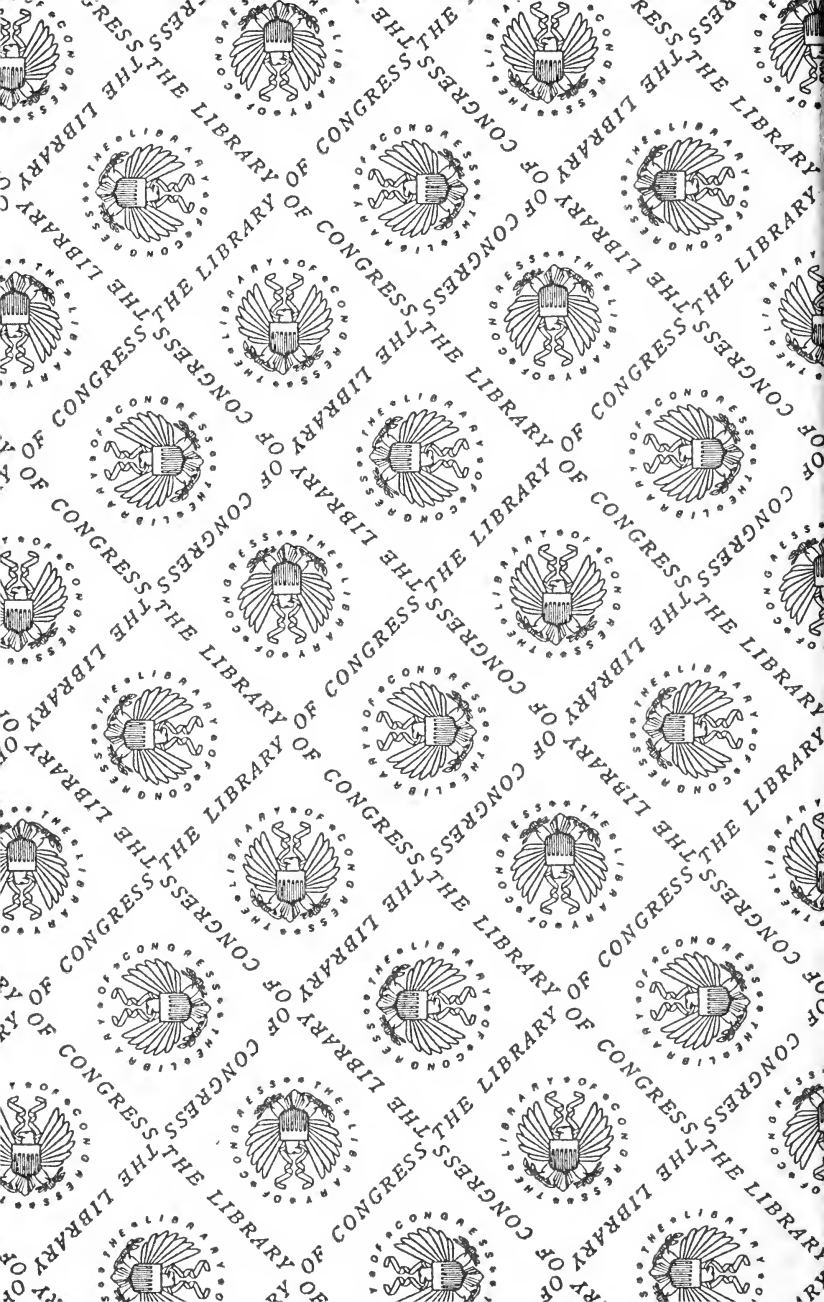
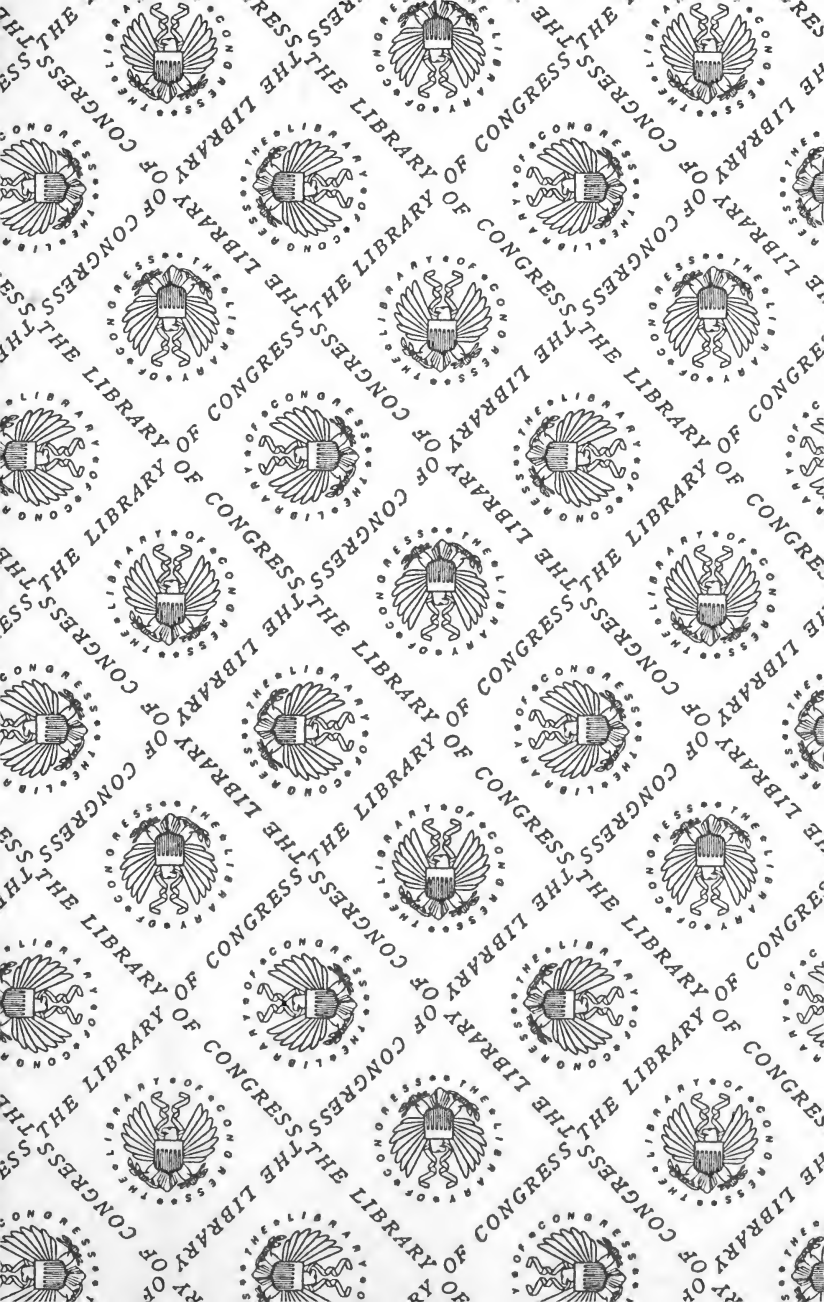


PS 3515
.E564 J3

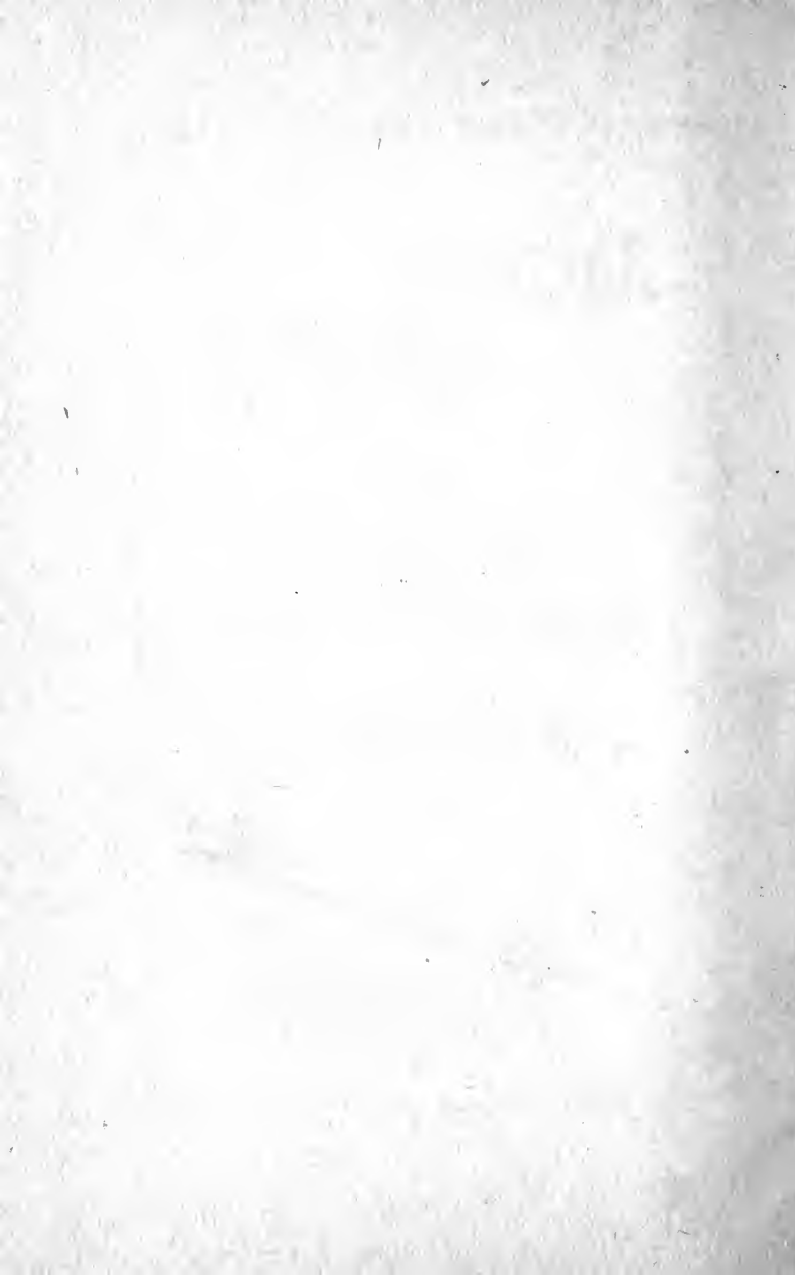
1918







JACKIE JINGLES



Lummy, But Jackie's as fit as a fiddle, He hasn't no kinder in his little insides, Nor

JACKIE JINGLES

By

Le Roy Hennessey
and
Manus McFadden, U.S.N.

Pictures By
Perce Pearce



The rest of the world may have pains in its middle

PS3515
E564 J3
1918

Copyright
A. C. McClurg & Co.
1918

Published October, 1918

Copyrighted in Great Britain



OCT 29 1918

W. F. HALL PRINTING COMPANY, CHICAGO

©CL.A 502848

To
Jackie
afloat and ashore

To
Great Lakes Naval Training Station
the port of embarkation of most of him

And to
Commandant William A. Moffett
*who has made Great Lakes the greatest
naval training station in the world*

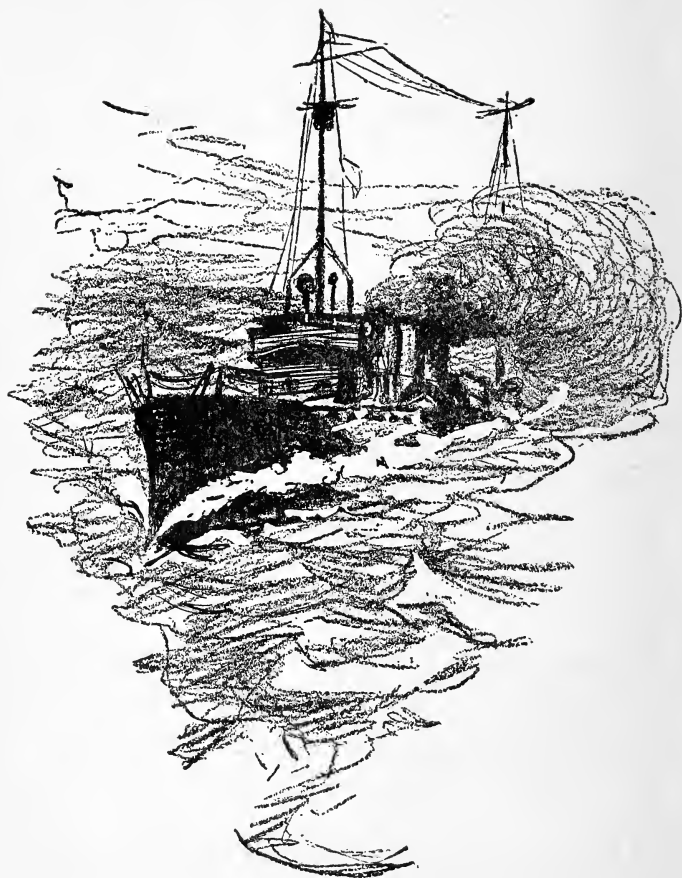
CONTENTS

TITLE	PAGE
Jack o' the Line	I
The C. P. O.	7
You'll Like It	9
First Night in a Hammock	11
When Jackie Needs a Friend	13
Fire Drill	15
The Walking Blues	17
"No Soap"	19
Landsman for Admiral	21
The Master-at-Arms	23
"When Do We Shoot?"	24
The Wild, Wild Waves	27
Sea-Dogs	29
Driftin' In	31
The Ki-Yi	33
"Monol" Tags	35
Stripped	37
The Navy	39
Gold-Stripers	41
The Worm Turns	43
Navy Blue	45
Courts Martial	47
Ghosts	49
Gratitude	51
Pay-Day on the Station	52
Camouflage Landsman	55
Detention Galley	57
I Dunno	59
Carpenter's Mate	61
Sailor's Evening Prayer	63

Contents

TITLE	PAGE
Tar-Togs Taboo	65
That Sea-Going Walk	67
Straight Dope	69
Landsman for Labor	71
Mal de Mer-Maid	75
"Yo-Heave-Ho"	76
Pay-Day Lament	79
Navy Chow	81
Neckerchiefs	83
A Sad Tale, Mates	85
Fireman—Any Class	87
The Lone Star State	89
The Band	91
Chaplain's Mate	92
The Big Show	93
Paul Jones Lullaby	95
The Yard Engine	97
"Salute and Ride"	99
Weather Signs	101
Ballad of Seaweed Sam	103
"Billy Blinker"	105
Painless Post-Prandial	107
Psychiatric Unit	109
"Band Detachment Off to Sea"	111
Armed Guard	112
Kultur	113
"Blues Only"	115
German Measles	117
Wanted	119
Off to Sea	121

JACKIE JINGLES



THERE'S A LONG, LEAN-STREAKING COMET
ON A FLAMING, FOAMING TRAIL

Jackie Jingles

JACK O' THE LINE

Beating somewhere through the spindrift of a
wild Atlantic gale,
There's a long, lean-streaking comet on a flam-
ing, foaming trail.

Driving somewhere out to windward, in the
teeth of certain death,
There's the wrath o' God a-plunging, sucking
fury in its breath.

Putting somewhere from the smoky west, to
weather o' the moon,
Thunder-threshing like a burning flail and div-
ing like a loon,

There's a ghostly gray destroyer nosing through
the rolling crest,
Playing peek-a-boo with peril for a snake o'
Satan's nest;

Outward-bound from ports Atlantic, with her
 skipper on the bridge,
With a lookout in the foretop as she lifts the
 sloppy ridge;

With a watch to port and starboard, and a dou-
 ble watch astern,
And a pair o' eyes a-peering through the lift
 beyond the churn —

Eyes o' man and God a-searching out the end-
 less ocean track;
Eyes o' world-salvation burning in the head o'
 Seaman Jack.

*Oh, he was once a lubber in a lakeside training
 camp;*

*Oh, he was once ship-jumper in the brig and
 “dirty scamp;”*

*And once he was a gentleman and “mamma’s
 darling” too;*

*And once he was a rookie-tar, a-wondering what
 to do;*

*But now he's "Seaman," smelling salt, his cheek
against the brine;
He's first-class man-o'-war's-man and a fighter
o' the line;*

*He's muffled up in "arctics" like a penguin in a
sluice;
He's Jack o' Spades in service, sir, to trump the
dirty deuce.*

Stealing somewhere 'neath the surface and the
ruck of sobbing seas,
Slips the serpent of Gehenna, over-reaching
hell's decrees.

Striking sinful, swift, and certain, with the greed
of gluttoned ghouls,
Slinking sullenly to safety of the weather-
wretched shoals;

Born of beast and boast barbaric, from the
bourne of blood and lust,
Trailing treachery and terror in the wake of
wanton thrust;

Fouling God's own works and wonders with
the waste of war unsate
Strewing wrack upon the waters from the char-
nel-hole of hate,

Moves the monitor of murder, Moloch emulate
of Cain,
To the rapine and the slaughter and the crimson
wreck again.

Spawn of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the sack
of Jericho,
Lo, the hand of man's upon you, though the
wrath of God be slow;

There's a David come to battle with Goliath
on the plain;
Comes the Galahad and guerdon and avenger
of the slain.

*He's son of many nations, molded into man o'
men;
He's host of might and mercy, for the scourge
of Kaiser-ken;*

*He's thunder-bolt of battle and the gall of bitter
fruit,*

*The bulwark and the bastion that shall stay the
super-brute;*

*The polyglot of passion in the flame of right-
eous wrath,*

*The vanguard and the victor come to reap the
latter-math,*

*The firebrand of Freedom that shall burn from
shore to shore,*

*The guidon and Old Glory that shall fly for-
evermore.*



HE'S HARD, BELIEVE ME, BO

THE C. P. O.

He scowls and growls and glowers,
And full twelve feet he towers
Over rooks in Farragut,
As he walks with a salty strut;
 And he's hard, believe me, bo,
 Hard as nails—the C. P. O.



"YOU'LL LIKE IT"

YOU'LL LIKE IT

They'll put you in the "ole spud hole" —

You'll like it —

Then try you on a pile of coal —

You'll like it.

They'll drill you till your face is red,

Then tuck you in a trapeze bed,

From which you'll fall and break your head.

You'll like it.

They'll shoot you three times in the arm —

You'll like it —

To keep you free from typhus harm —

You'll like it.

You'll stand the sun about a week

And then the skin will leave your beak ;

By this time you'll be very meek —

You'll like it.

They'll put you manicuring roads—

You'll like it—

With petty officers for goads—

You'll like it.

They'll take away your cigarettes

And everything except your debts,

And put you under martinettes.

You'll like it.

But when you get into the fight,

You'll like it.

With lusty blow the Hun you'll smite.

You'll like it.

You'll find the work you're doing now

Will fit you for the merry row,

And after all you will allow—

You'll like it.

FIRST NIGHT IN A HAMMOCK

Up here I am in a billet,
As high as the blinkin' bright stars,
A-poundin' my ear on a sky-sail,
Lashed up to a couple o' spars.

Bent up like a ham in a griddle,
My legs stickin' out like a boom,
A-twisted and tied in the middle,
A-sighin' for rest and more room.

Young Rock-a-bye Babe in the tree-tops,
He slept on his own cellar floor,
Comparin' with me in a ladle,
'Twixt the mizzen-mast and the fore.

An' just as I ship for a slumber,
My toes stickin' into my neck,
A thought comes to me: "If I tumble,
How far is it down to the deck?"



WHO'LL HELP A POOR "GORE" ?

WHEN JACKIE NEEDS A FRIEND

Who'll help the poor rookie locked up in De-
tention,

Where every "boy-kicker" boss bawls at
him, "Don't!"

Where Gold-strippers bellow without interven-
tion—

Who'll help the poor "gob" if kind Provi-
dence won't?

Nobody!



A CYCLONE WHIZZIN' BY YOU

FIRE DRILL

If you hear the guard a-shootin'
With a *bang ! bang ! bang !*
And a cyclone whizzin' by you
With a *clang ! clang ! clang !*
Don't opine a battle's ragin'
Or the Kaiser they're a cagin';
For it's just a "four-eleven,"
And the fire gang, gang.



WISHING I HAD A DIME

THE WALKING BLUES

Walking the walk in Waukegan
On Sunday afternoon;
Walking the walk in Waukegan
Humming a tuneless tune.

I've walked that walk in Waukegan
Many a lonely time,
Meandering in a day-dream,
Wishing I had a dime.

I've walked that walk in Waukegan
Till I've run out of walks,
And then I've ambled in alleys,
And railroad yards and docks.

I know every board in the sidewalks
And every stone in the street;
I know them because I have trod them
With slow and deliberate feet.

But now I'm due for a pay-day;
I'm going to that town;
And cock o' the walk in Waukegan
' I'll be, and do it brown.

I'll take in both of the movies;
I'll fill up a void with steak,
And piece in with candy and pickles,
And end with ice cream and cake.

I'll don me a pair of white leggings;
I'll do up my hair in a curl;
I'll cruise that walk in Waukegan
Towing a dead-swell girl.

Thus will I make up for all those
Sad times I've shoved along,
Steering nowhere from noplacé,
Singing a songless song.

“NO SOAP”

Oh, it's tough for sailormen at sea
When the stormy winds do blow;
But a storm's a frolic down a-lee
To a Jackie with no dough.



THEY'VE GOT ME PEELING SPUDS

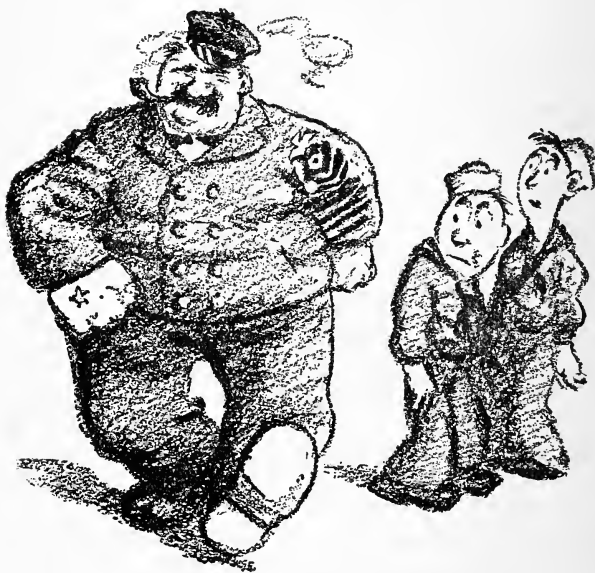
LANDSMAN FOR ADMIRAL

It wasn't my intention,
When I donned Navy blue,
To linger in Detention,
And live on beans and stew.

It wasn't in my plans at all
To sweep and scrub the deck
Nor was it in my plans to fall
At night and break my neck.

I never thought *I'd* be a "gob" —
You see, Dad owns a bank —
I thought, at least, I'd get a job
Above a Captain's rank.

But woe to me, alack, alas!
They've put *me* in white duds;
They don't quite comprehend my class —
They've got me *peeling spuds*.



A TRIPLE-DECKED, THREE-MASTED TERROR TO TAR'S

THE MASTER-AT-ARMS

The Master-at-arms is a bird o' the brine
Who bellows and blusters and roars;
He's a lion o' lassies and ships o' the line,
And lord o' the seas and the shores.

He's maritime Mogul, Mugwumpus, and Mars,
Abaddon of the Eagle and Star,
A triple-decked, three-masted terror to tars,
The truck at the top o' the spar.

He's cheese o' police, Beelzebub o' the brig,
A mixed, magnitudinous find;
He's Commodore-Skip o' Calamity's gig,
And Admiral, too—in his mind.

He's Caliph and Kaiser, and A'mighty Much—
But, in buildings back home and ashore,
They dub him "the starter," "the watchman,"
and such,
And at times he's the "chief jani-tor."

“WHEN DO WE SHOOT?”

“This here,” says the Ensign, one day in June,
“Is a rifle, a dangerous thing;
It’s made up of metal, machin’ry an’ wood,
And fastened to you with a sling.

“It’s yours for to nurse and to polish and clean;
It’s yours to respect and admire;
It’s yours for to drill with and march on parade,
A friend what’s a friend under fire.”

And that was two months, and two weeks be-
fore that;
I’ve learned about rifles since then —
Of oilin’ and sightin’ and triggers and bolts,
To load and unload ’em again.

I've mastered Butt's manual and "shoulder"
and "port;"

I've sniped cigarettes with the rod;
I've ordered 'em too, and I've learned *they*
have butts —

With my little toe bashed in the sod.

We met, I've related, quite early in June;

I've learned that a rifle's a brute;

But I'm wonderin' now, 'neath the ripe August
moon,

If the dear little doo-dad *will shoot*.



THEM'S SAILORS EATIN' SOUP!

THE WILD, WILD WAVES

What are the wild waves saying
As they dash against the shore?
What are the breakers telling
As they crash and boom and roar?
I wonder if they bring a thought
From my sweet Eleanore?

.
*Them ain't the waves, you goop;
Them's sailors eatin' soup!*



THEY STEER LIKE A BRACE O' GUN BOATS

SEA-DOGS

I've been to "small-stores" for my outfit
Of dungarees, whites, and some blues,
And my togs fits me more or less perfect,
Excepting my sea-going shoes.

The storekeeper lamps my fine figure,
And judges me, keel and abeam,
Then keelhauls some garbage instanter
Which is made most of buttons and seam.

And then, with his distant range-finder
He sizes my brogans as Sevens;
But he hasn't none left in the locker,
So he ships me some Number Elevens.

I've been told I'm to ship on a cruiser
To go out and catch German goats,
But I'm cruisin' ashore in some bruisers
That steer like a brace o' gun boats.

From my water-line up I'm as rakish
And trim as a Buccaneer bold.
I can pipe both my hands up on deck, mates,
But my feet are awash in the hold.

DRIFTIN' IN

Old Jack Frost ain't no real Jackie,
Doin' things he shouldn't do,
Blowin' up a blightin' blizzard,
Stallin' trains an' patriots too.

He can hold up coal and cattle,
Parcels-post and billets doux,
But *I'm* goin' to join the Navy,
An' he's *got* to le' me through!



I JUST TAKE A BRUSH AND KI-YI ME CLOTHES

THE KI-YI

Rub-a-dub-dub,
I ain't got no tub
And the dirt has besmirched me white hats;
But I ain't no dub,
I don't need no tub
To launder me skypiece and spats.

When I'm in a rush
I just take a brush
And ki-yi me clothes for a spell;
I lay out me duds
And pile on the suds
And lay to, to beat Billy Hell.

Me board is the deck,
I chase every speck
From me whites and I make 'em like snow;
Then I trice 'em up high
On a guy line to dry,
Then me washin's all done, lads, yo-ho!



SEA-DOGS MUST WEAR THEIR LICENSE, TOO

“MONOL” TAGS

These tags are made of “monol,”
A metal made of three;
But “monol” isn’t money,
And don’t mean much to me.

But dogs is dogs, and sea-dogs
Must wear their license, too,
Before they seek the hell-hounds—
Which don’t mean much to you.

But while I’m ’live and husky,
I’ll answer to my name;
And when I’m dead they’ll lamp it
Upon my neck the same.

It’s only on the record
That names are ever seen,
But when they match mine with it,
They’ll find my record’s clean.



I STILL HAVE SOMETHING LEFT THAT NO GIRL WEARS

STRIPPED

I had a girl named Eleanor,
She liked my pancake hat
To make a tam-o'shanter, so
I gave her my blue "flat."

I then met one named Lillian,
She wanted my white hat
To wear it out a-picnicking,
And so I gave her that.

The next one was fair Lucia,
She liked my neckerchief;
I parted with it mournfully
And smiled to hide my grief.

Then Helen wanted nothing less
Than my blue broadcloth blouse;
She said it beat a dressing sack
To wear around the house.

I lost the upper portion of
My only suit of white,
The time I called on lovely Jane
In Evanston one night.

I'm glad I still have something left
That no girl ever wears —
The regulations don't permit
Me pink-silk "teddy-bears."

THE NAVY

It's the charm of the Navy that gets 'em,
It's the swing and the ring o' the Band.
When you're dressed in a jumper like Jackie,
You've a feeling that's giddy and grand.

There's a pull to the Navy that fetches
A man from the world's other side.
It would reach you and greet you in Heaven;
It would win you away from your bride.



HE'S SALTY AS HELL !

GOLD-STRIPERS

The Ensign's a cautious and curious jay,
Whose star is a luscious and luminous sight;
He's polished and politic during the day,
But quite surreptitious and sweetened at
night.

Lieutenants are lovely, and lady-like, too,
If caught when unconscious and when they
are new;
Commanders are distant and hard to review;
A Captain is out of the sight of the crew.

A Paymaster's clerk is the loveliest thing;
Paymaster himself is a prince and a king;
Of Rear-Admirals we have scarcely heard tell;
And an Admiral — well, *he's salty as hell!*



“— THAT AWFUL PUNCH ”

THE WORM TURNS

Said the Yeoman to the Seaman:

“I think you’re rather tough.”

Said the Seaman to the Yeoman:

“G’wan! where d’ye get that stuff?”

Said the Yeoman to the Seaman:

“My word, how very rude!”

Said the Seaman to the Yeoman:

“Shut up, pipe down, y’ dude.”

Said the Yeoman to the Seaman:

“Say—out you go, you stiff!

I’m sick of all you salty ‘gobs’

That’s pickin’ on me”—*Biff!*

Said the Seaman to the Doctor:

“I never had no hunch

That pen and pencil ath-a-lete

Could pack that awful punch.”



THE BLUE OF THE NAVY TOPPED OFF WITH WHITE

NAVY BLUE

If your quarrel is just and your argument right,
And you need inspiration to get out and fight,
It's the blue of the Navy that's topped off with
white

Will set your heart going like love at first sight.



A GENERAL COURT-MARTIAL'S AS SOLEMN AS DEATH

COURTS MARTIAL

Now, a Deck Court to Jackie's a salty surprise
Which is not a fit subject for laughter;
And a Summary Court's a more serious sort
That reminds him of here and hereafter.

But a General Court-Martial's as solemn as
death,
For it searches the souls of the sinners;
So a ship-load of double-edged "don'ts," if
observed,
Is salvation, my lads, for beginners.



I'D LIKE TO TAKE MY RIFLE BUTT AND CLOUT
THEM ROUNDLY ON THE NUT

GHOSTS

At nine o'clock out go the lights,
And sailors all in spotless whites
Go on tip-toe through the room,
Like specters stalking through the gloom;
In long defiles the endless hosts
Softly pass like silent ghosts —

Like h—l these “gobs” with silent tread
Softly steal to downy bed;
In truth they stamp into the room
With footfalls like the crack of doom,
And shout and whistle as they romp
Across the place with heavy stomp.

With noise enough to wake the dead
They stumble on my lowly bed,
I'd like to take my rifle butt
And clout them roundly on the nut;
I'm peaceful but I want to fight
When they come tramping in at night.



A COMFY SWEATER THAT A NAVY GIRL HAS KNIT

GRATITUDE

When you get a comfy sweater
That a Navy girl has knit,
And you find a name and address
On a card sewed onto it,
You're no reg'lar man-o'-war's-man
If you don't sit down and pen
Your heart-felt appreciation,
And—write to her now and then.

PAY-DAY ON THE STATION

Through the Station yard to 'Quarters
Is a frigid, freezin' mile,
With the nor'west wind a-wailin',
But you hoof it with a smile;

An' you put your helm to loo'ard,
An' you sail into the bay
With ten thousand sea-dogs like you,
Headin' in to get their pay.

Oh, the roadstead's wild and windy
And a ghost howls at your back,
But its shriek is Siren music
To the ears o' Wheelsman Jack.

For it's pay-day in the Navy,
And the pay chest's full o' beans,
An' about to shift its cargo
Into jolly Jackie's jeans.

Oh, that ghost is on his sea-legs;
He's à-cruisin' forth and back;
All us fresh salt-water Jackies
He's a-loadin' down with "jack."

For today's the day the ghost walks;
And tomorrow Jack's ashore;
And he'll sail from gloom to glory—
And his "jack" will be no more.



A HARD-BOILED SEA-DOG NOW FOR FAIR

CAMOUFLAGE LANDSMAN

A sailor's life is the life for me —

Yo-heave-ho !

A thousand miles from the bounding sea —

Yo-heave-ho, yo-ho !

A thousand miles from sails and spars,

And just as far from reefs and bars,

I'm Jolly Jack of land-locked tars —

Yo-heave-ho, yo-ho !

I wear an eagle upon my arm —

Yo-heave-ho !

To show the folks on the old-home
farm —

Yo-heave-ho, yo-ho !

There's seaweed hanging in my hair ;

A hard-boiled sea-dog now for fair,

I emanate a salty air —

Yo-heave-ho, yo-ho !

Of course I never have been to sea —

Yo-heave-ho !

And don't know the weather side from lee —

Yo-heave-ho, yo-ho !

But I can talk of sailing ships,

And docks and wharves and harbor slips,

A rope-end knotted 'round my hips—

Yo-heave-ho, yo-ho !

And when I cruise to an inland town —

Yo-heave-ho !

With flapping legs and my low-necked
gown —

Yo-heave-ho, yo-ho !

The lubbers there will never know

I got my sea-legs wheeling snow,

And learned my lingo at a show —

Yo-heave-ho, yo-ho !

DETENTION GALLEY

I used to eat at a "beanery"

Where grub was served with a dash;

But there never was chef who could beat our
own

Mess-mixers at slinging hash.



I WONDER WHO THEM DAMES COME OUT TO SEE ?

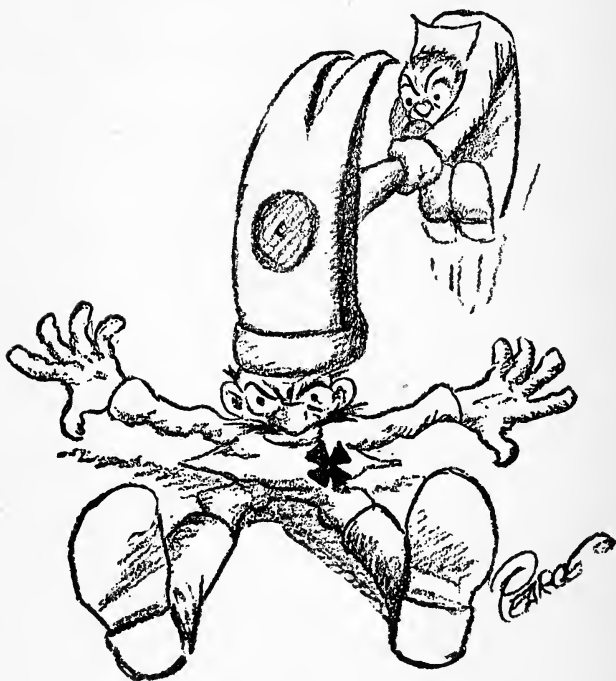
I DUNNO

I wonder who them dames come out to see?

There ain't one who ever looks at me.

I wonder who that lucky "gob" can be?

I dunno.



NAILING THE HUN

CARPENTER'S MATE

We need the man behind the gun
To bring the Boche within the law;
But first, before we nail the Hun,
We need the man with hammer 'n' saw.



I PRAY MY BALANCE I MAY KEEP

SAILOR'S EVENING PRAYER

Now I swing me up to sleep;
I pray my balance I may keep;
But if I tumble from my "bed,"
I pray the Lord may spare my head—
May spare my rough and reddened neck—
If I should fall and bash the deck.



STOW THOSE SAILOR-TOGS, MY SWEET!

TAR-TOGS TABOO

Heave to there, Kiddie,
An' douse that middy!
The Provost's steering down the street.
You better do it,
Or else you'll rue it;
Jus' stow those sailor-togs, my sweet!



NOTHING CAN PITCH AND ROLL LIKE THE WALK IN
CAMP PAUL JONES

THAT SEA-GOING WALK

I've been around the world a bit;
I've sailed on every sea;
I've traveled through rough water
From here to Ying-Tang-Tse;

I've passed the Carolina Capes
When waves were mountain high,
When ships bobbed up like bubbling beans
'Twixt Hades and the sky;

I've been on boats that lurched and dove,
And rolled and pitched and bounced;
I've had the wind knocked out of me,
And had my timbers trounced;

But all the ships I ever rode
Were still and peaceful-like
Compared with what I'm up against
When thrice each day I hike

Across that heaving sea of boards—
There's nothing hurts my bones—
There's nothing that can pitch and roll
Like the walk in Camp Paul Jones.

STRAIGHT DOPE

Now there's only one cure for the Germ-Hun,
For the germ that has blackened the sun;
It's a tablet or two with a chaser
From the busiest end of a gun.

For a proper and plentiful dosage
For the deadliest devils alive,
Why, there's nothing on earth that will measure
With the jolt of a Colt's forty-five.



— SINCE I HAVE BEEN A "GOB" —

LANDSMAN FOR LABOR

My father was a section hand;
He worked out on the "Soo."
There's not a trick
With bar or pick
My father couldn't do.

My father was a section hand;
He worked the Santa Fe.
With pick and spade
He worked the grade
And labored night and day.

My father was a section hand;
He worked the Frisco line.
With Dago crew
He helped to hew
Out rock and stumps of pine.

But father never hit the deck,
Nor grabbed a brush and swab.
He didn't rub;
He didn't scrub;
He never was a "gob."

My father didn't clean the streets,
Nor ki-yi dirty clothes.
He didn't truck
Around in muck
The while his fingers froze.

My father didn't drill all day,
Then stand a watch at night,
Nor dig a hole
Through tons of coal—
Not by a dog-gone sight!

My father was a section hand;
He raised an honest sweat.
All day he toiled
And cursed and moiled;
He earned his dough, and yet—

My father had a sinecure,
He had an easy job.
His work was fun
To what I've done
Since I have been a "gob"!



I'VE GOT TO GET SHORE-LEAVE

MAL DE MER-MAID

I can't sleep in my hammock;
I can't eat half my fill;
I can't work, walk, nor wobble,
Much less can I drill.

My head, heart and stomach,
They are all in a whirl;
I've got to get shore-leave
And propose to my girl!

“YO-HEAVE-HO”

It isn't all glitter and glory
For the lad in the Navy who's new,
But that's not the end of the story
Of the boy in the Navy's blue.

There's this little fact to remember,
Cartoonists and kidders and such,
'Twixt April Fool's Day and December,
Can occur a considerable much.

It isn't the lubber he is now,
Who's never been out on the sea;
It isn't the “gob” in the hoosegow,
It's the sailor he's going to be.

When you were in school and a-learning,
You did little stunts and odd jobs
To help out the teacher, though yearning
To be out of the class of the “gobs.”

You dusted erasers for hours,
And sharpened lead pencils and such,
And when you went home to your mother
You hadn't amounted to much.

But now that you're grown up and grouchy,
And think that you've made your big drive,
Remember 'twas schooling that made you
Before you could really arrive.

There are men in the bowels of the ocean,
Shut up in tin cans like sardines,
But you'd hate to describe your emotion
If *you* had to man submarines.

There were sailors, who one time were rookies,
Went down with the good *Jacob Jones*,
But you worship, and so do your cronies,
At the mention of those sailors' bones.

So what if he marks time and marches
Around for awhile on the shore;
You'll be building him triumphal arches
When he marches back home from the war.



HE PASSED ME BY !

PAY-DAY LAMENT

The Ghost with silent tread passed by;
He passed the drill hall just as I
Arrived. That silent, shrouded phantom guy,
That pay-day specter passed me by,
Without a look, without a sigh.
He passed me by; he passed me by!



A PLATE O' PAINT AND WORMS

NAVY CHOW

We-all stand at attention,
Us toilers of the sea,
While "Jimmy-Legs," the "M. A.,"
Stands on his dignity.

And then he thunders sweetly
Across the mess-hall: "Seats!"
And we-all sit instanter,
And sail into the eats.

We soak our punk in Java;
We toy with spuds and stew;
We guzzle slum and gullion
O' sticks and stones and glue.

And if we can't digest 'em,
A plate o' paint and worms,
With sea-dust sprinkled on 'em,
Alleviates the squirms.

We sigh for pie and cookies
Like Mother made ashore,
And when we've swabbed our mess-gear
We sit and sigh for more.

But when—on rare occasions—
They serve us Navy beans,
The band blares out our blessings—
Those bellowing horse-marines!

This ain't so appetizing,
But it's exactly how,
On regular occasions,
We sample Navy chow.

NECKERCHIEFS

Says Jackie Jingles to Seaman Si:

“You’re sure to live until you die.

In Winter time you dress in blue

To keep your shape from shinin’ through.

In Summer time you dress in white

So’s they can find you in the night.”

Says Seaman Si to Jinglin’ Jack:

“Why’round our necks do we wear black?”

Quoth Jinglin’ Jack: “Benighted sons,

That’s mournin’ for departed Huns.”



— IF I'M THAT "GOF" —

A SAD TALE, MATES

To contemplate a weary "gob"
A-toiling on a heavy job—
It makes me sad—it makes me sob—

—*If I'm that "gob."*



JACK IN THE STOKE-HOLD A-PASSING THE COAL

FIREMAN—ANY CLASS

It's the lad in the turret and up on the deck
Who saves the good ship from gun-fire and
wreck;
But it's Jack in the stoke-hold a-passing the
coal
Who shoves the old cruiser ahead to her goal.



A GOLD-STRIPE'S A LONE LITTLE ORPHAN

THE LONE STAR STATE

Oh, the Bluejacket's always invited
To a party, a dance, or a show,
But a Gold-stripe's a lone little orphan,
All dressed up and with no place to go.



RIGHT HERE I THROW MY WORK ASIDE

THE BAND

The band goes playing down the street,
It puts new pep into my feet.
I simply cannot keep them still
When e'er they get that tingling thrill
That hits me like a tidal wave—
My Number Tens will not behave.

The tubas "umph," the trombones blare,
The drum's staccato splits the air,
The saxophone and alto moan
With French horns in symphonic tone.

The clarinets and piccolos
Put dancing devils in my toes.
The mellifluent mellophones
Arouse my sedentary bones—
Right here I throw my work aside
To follow on with swinging stride.

CHAPLAIN'S MATE

There's some funny jobs in the Navy
That determine a Jackie's fate,
But the most exalted of ratings
Is the rating of "Chaplain's Mate."

THE BIG SHOW

Said Seaman Si to his sweetheart Sal
Samantha :

“If you’d like to know how fightin’ men are
made,

Just take a ride out past the Naval Station
An’ see us jumpin’ Jackies on parade.”



I RISE AT DAWN WITH HEAVY LIDS

PAUL JONES LULLABY

When I was but a little kid
I'd sleep upon the floor;
In some deserted shed or barn
I'd soundly sleep and snore.

In later years I got my rest
Upon a feather bed,
With camouflage of snowy shams
And pillows for my head.

Time passed; I joined the Navy, mates,
And learned to sleep at night
Slung up betwixt two jack-stays like
The tail of my old kite.

I learned to swing upon the clews —
(That took a lot of nerve);
I got my spine adjusted to
The sagging hammock's curve.

But next I got a sleeping place
Out here in Camp Paul Jones;
'Twas then my lot on iron cot
To rest my weary bones.

I kept that cot until last week,
And then it disappeared.
I wandered in one night and found
The slumber stuff was queered.

Since then at night I lay me down
In sleep upon the deck,
A two-by-four for Ostermoor,
A scantling 'neath my neck.

I rise at dawn with heavy lids
And contemplate that floor;
Mates, sleeping there is not the fun
It was in days of yore.

THE YARD ENGINE

“Henry” is a choo-choo;

“Henry” is a dear;

“Henry” chugs from here to there,
And back from there to here.



A LIFT TO A SAILOR'S A GODSEND

“SALUTE AND RIDE”

A lift on the road is a trifle
To the man who travels on wheels,
But a lift to a sailor's a godsend
When he's busted and sore in his heels.

Now carfare is only a nickel;
To you it's just half a dime;
But to Jack who can't jingle a dollar,
It means a whole heck of a time.

You never will know how important
Is a jitney—to Jack—in his jeans.
In the Navy it's big as the moon, mates—
Why, it's most as important as *beans!*



WITH A LARGE, SEA-GOIN' SMILE

WEATHER SIGNS

He left the ship with trembling lip,
When he took his leave ashore;
He cast about like a man in doubt
Of the port he's steerin' for.

But now he's back, and a happy Jack,
With a large, sea-goin' smile.
What would you say will occur some day
In the sweet, sweet afterwhile?



'TENTION AND SALUTE

BALLAD OF SEAWEED SAM

When he was but a gangling lad
Young Seaweed Sam McGee
Enlisted in the U. S. N.
And forthwith put to sea.

He scrubbed and holystoned the deck,
And soon was bosun's mate.
Then, on a week-end liberty,
Young Seaweed met his fate.

A year rolled by and Seaweed,
Returning home one day,
Was greeted in his cabin by
A youthful stowaway.

Before Sam got a hash-mark
His offspring numbered three.
Said Sam: "Three boys is plenty;
That's just enough for me."

“ Three likely looking officers,”
Thought Sam, “ and darn my pipes,
I’ll send them through Annapolis
And get them all gold stripes.”

So just before the war broke out
The three were graduated
As Midshipmen, then Ensigns of
The line, the three were rated.

Well, now’days Seaweed Sam McGee,
That salty old galoot,
Must greet each son who saunters past
With ’tention and salute.

And furthermore, old Sam McGee,
Who’s now aboard their ship,
Must take his orders from those sons,
And not give any lip.

L’ENVOI

*There’s times now Seaweed’s mind goes back
To days he used to toast
Those youngsters with a barrel-stave
Abaft the rudder post.*

“ BILLY BLINKER ”

(Semaphore Practice)

Blinkety-blink; blinkety-blink !

It's semaphore flashes that make Jackie think.

Blinkety-blink; blinkety-blink !

This blinkin' blab-jabber's another new kink.



NO CURLY REGRETS IN HIS MIDDLE

PAINLESS POST-PRANDIAL

The rest of the world may have pains in its
tummy,

But Jackie's as fit as a fiddle.

He hasn't no kinks in his little insides,

Nor curly regrets in his middle.



WRINKLES PSYCHIATRIC

PSYCHIATRIC UNIT

Sailormen have never fathomed,
Mariners have never seen,
All the wrinkles psychiatric
That prevail in Jackie's bean.



STEP ON HIS KAISERSHIP'S CORNS

“BAND DETACHMENT OFF TO SEA”

Ruffle the drums, boys, ruffle the drums,
And flourish the bugles and horns;
We're goin' to make music to stir up the world,
And step on his Kaisership's corns.

ARMED GUARD

When you go to sea forget your care,
For "Avery's Angels" are everywhere,
To guard your course from aft to fore
And keep you safe from shore to shore,
On wings of wrath, with death in store,
To halt the Hun and ev'n the score;
For hell-hounds yelp and cannon roar
When "Avery's Angels" begin to soar.

KULTUR

When you hear of a wonderful new veneer
That's hailed as a glorious find,
Remember, it's not the camouflage counts;
It's the cheese inside of the rind.



THEY'LL GRAB YOU TOO

“BLUES ONLY”

Now Jackie, put your “pancake” on,
And little ribbon too,
And everything that you possess
Of regulation blue;
And don’t you don no gray nor brown
When you-all goes ashore;
’Cause if you do, they’ll grab you too,
And you won’t go no more.



GERMAN MEASLES

GERMAN MEASLES

The Kaiser's spies are all about,
An' busier than weasels;
For germs that knock the Jackies out
Are mostly German measles.



ARE YOU THIS BOY ?

WANTED—

I want a little Fauntleroy,
A gentle-spoken sailor boy,
To be my love—my pride, my joy,
Are you this boy?

He must possess a Marcel wave,
Forget he once lived in a cave,
And twice a day my boy must shave,
Are you this boy?

My boy must not be bold nor rude,
Nor have a manner rough nor crude,
Nor have his lily-whites tatoosed.
Are you this boy?

And he must have a pedigree,
And bring along his family tree—
Credentials he must show to me.
Are you this boy?

I'll take him out a-picnicking,
And read to him, and maybe sing,
And hold his hand and everything.
Are you this boy?

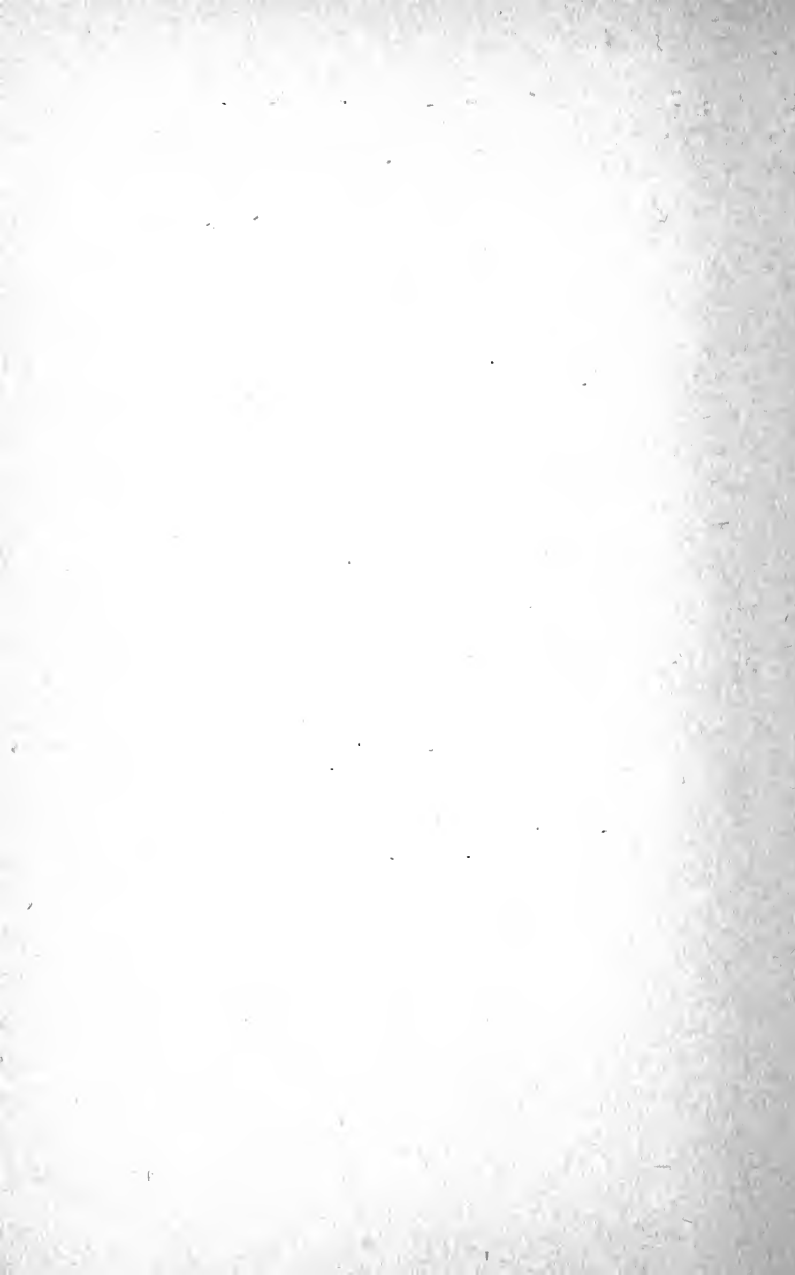
OFF TO SEA

Now, I says to a Great Lakes Jackie,
And Jackie he answers to me:
"Where are you-all a-goin', my pretty?"
Says Jackie: "I'm goin' to sea."

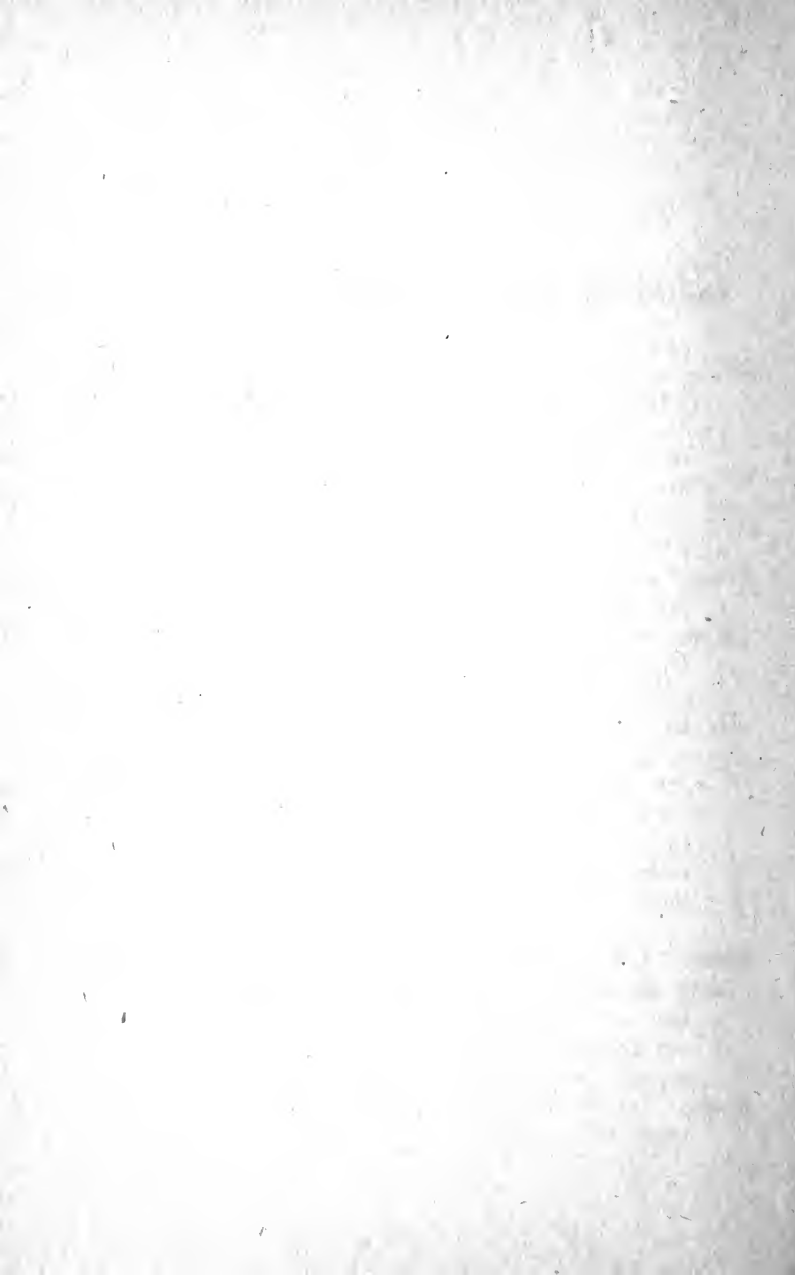
"An' now what be ye goin' to do, Jack,
Out there in the slop an' brine?"
"I'm intendin' to be a seaman,
A fightin' man o' the line.

"I'm a goin' to stand my watch, Sir,
A-houndin' the Hun to his lair.
I'm a-goin' to play hide'n-seek, Sir,
With spawn of the grim Corsair."

"I shall stand to my trick," says Jackie,
"And sink with the Skipper an' ship."
"It's a man-size job," I says then,
"'N I reckon you'll do for the trip."



GLOSSARY
OF
JACKIE LINGO



Glossary of Jackie Lingo

Arctics. Term used to designate special cold-weather clothing with which sailors in the U. S. Navy are provided in winter time for deck or outside station service. "Arctics" are suits made of water- and wind-proof material, lined with thick wool, and covering the wearer from head to foot.

Armed Guard. Naval gun crew placed on armed merchant vessels to combat submarines.

"Avery's Angels." Members of the Armed Guard School at Great Lakes Naval Training Station. They were organized during the autumn of 1917 by Chief Gunner's Mate, C. E. Avery, after he had had several thrilling experiences and hair-breadth escapes in encounters with submarines off the coast of Spain. For several months he was chief instructor of the school, until transferred back to active duty at sea.

Beans. Dollars; money; coins; jack.

"Billy Blinker." Metal or wood standard with movable arms, operated by levers and equipped with lights for use in semaphore signal practice.

Blues. Sailor's regulation blue dress and winter uniforms.

"Blues Only." Referring to a station regulation at Great Lakes requiring that only regulation blue clothing be worn in sight. Gray sweaters, given to sailors by the American Red Cross, are permitted to be worn, but only when out of sight under the regulation blue jersey.

Butt's Manual. Manual of military drill with arms; the standard drill used for setting up exercises in the Army and Navy.

Calamity's Gig. The mythical craft which is supposed to bear the spirit of calamity on board ship.

Camp Farragut. One of the several detention camps at Great Lakes Naval Training Station. It is in detention where the "salt" of the "hard-boiled" company commander or of the drill officer is rubbed into the rookie in ways that are nautical and sometimes not nice in his estimation.

Carpenter's Mate. Assistant to chief or ship's carpenter.

Chaplain's Mate. A rating as clerical assistant to the chaplain which does not exist except as an imaginary position. It is a fiction used as a bait to the unsuspecting rookie by the more experienced sailors to egg him on to special effort with the promise of a sinecure in which he won't have to face fire.

Chow. Vernacular for meals, food, or "mess" served in the Navy.

Colt's Forty-five. Pistol of .45 caliber, the regu-

lation side arm for Navy officers in active sea duty.

Commodore-Skip. The commander of a ship, or of a shore station in the Navy, is termed the "skipper," regardless of his actual naval rank. The master-at-arms' estimation of himself in the verse is that he is the skipper of the ship and clothed with the authority of an admiral—and he sometimes gets away with it in the impression he makes on the poor rookie.

Courts Martial. Courts martial are boards of officers variously constituted for the trial of Bluejacket offenders according to the degree of the offense, such as "deck court," "summary court," and "general court martial."

Detention. Camps at shore stations in which Navy recruits are interned for three weeks to determine their freedom from communicable diseases before being allowed to drill and mingle with other members of the stations. Outfitting and preliminary military instruction and drill are a part of detention routine.

Driftin' In. The almost unprecedented enrollment of naval recruits at Great Lakes during January and February of 1918 continued in spite of weeks of sub-zero weather; they "drifted in" like the snows piled shoulder high along the station walks and roads.

Dungarees. Sailor's working clothes of coarse cotton material.

Fire Drill. Practice in turning men out to respond to false alarms of fire is kept up in order to insure efficiency in fighting real fires which are a particular menace on board ship. The fire-drill is a part of regulation routine.

Fireman. A rating, qualified by "third class," "second class" or "first class" designation, according to experience and ability officially determined, applied to the men who supply fuel to the ship's fires.

Four-eleven. General alarm of fire, derived from practice in large cities striking four and eleven taps of the gong or sounder in fire stations.

German Measles. It is a fact worthy of comment that mild epidemics of measles which have occurred in naval and military cantonments since war was declared have been caused by the variety of measles medically designated as "German measles." The reader is permitted to draw his own conclusions and render his own appreciation of the victim's disgust and the use made of his predicament by his comrades.

"Gob." Vernacular for sailor in training at a shore station.

Gold-stripers. Vernacular for commissioned officers; derived from the gold stripes worn as part of the shoulder and sleeve insignia to indicate rank according to the number and width of the stripes.

Great Lakes. The greatest naval training station on earth.

Hard-boiled. Vernacular used to describe unwarranted affectation of seamanship or arrogant assumption of authority by men in naval service. The "hard-boiled" member is a bully.

Hoosegow. Brig; station or ship's prison.

Horse-marines. Applied to members of the band; derived from "hoarse-marines."

Jack. Sailor's pay.

Jackie. The Salt o' the Land.

"Jacob Jones." U. S. Destroyer, *Jacob Jones*, sunk by a submarine early in 1918.

Java. Vernacular for coffee.

Jimmy-legs. Navy vernacular for master-at-arms, the officer whose duty it is to police ship or buildings at shore stations.

Keel and Abeam. Lengthwise and sidewise; nautical expression for the height and girth of a sailor being outfitted in "small-stores."

Keel-haul. A popular pastime in the days of the old merchant marine. The term is used to express a process of punishment for offenses against discipline on shipboard by which the offender was hauled by a line through the water under the vessel's keel; not so pleasant as being tossed in a blanket, but milder in effect than being crowned with a marlinespike.

Ki-yi. The regulation brush used by sailors to scrub their clothing; also the scrubbing thereof. True appreciation of the definition can only be arrived at by sight and use of the article. It is most frequently applied just prior to shore-leave on Saturday morning official inspection.

Landsman. Preliminary rating given naval recruits in training for service specialties, for example, landsman for yeoman, landsman for electrician, etc.

Lone Star. A single gold star is a part of the shoulder and sleeve insignia of commissioned officers in the Navy.

Lubber. Landsman not familiar with ways of the sea.

M. A. Abbreviation for master-at-arms.

Master-at-arms. Petty officer who performs police duties on a man-o'-war or naval shore station. The "M. A." is a terror to petty offenders among Bluejackets, is clothed with more authority — in their estimation (and in his own) — than an admiral, and of all sea "salts" he is the briniest.

Mess-mixers. Navy cooks.

"Monol" Tags. Round tags made of "monol" metal, a special non-corrosive alloy, impervious to the action of salt water. They are worn for identification purposes suspended by a chain of like metal about the necks of all men in the Navy.

Neckerchief. Part of the regulation Bluejacket uniform; large square of black satin or cotton goods, folded diagonally, rolled and worn about the sailor's neck with the ends knotted in front.

"No Soap." Navy equivalent for "nothing doing," or "can't be done," or as a general negative.

Paint and Worms. Tomato sauce and macaroni or spaghetti.

Pancake. Flat blue sailor hat, tam-o'-shanter style, worn by sailors on furlough from shore stations. Pancakes of this variety are not edible, though the predilection of femininity for them, and their frequent disappearance in feminine environment would lend color to the theory that they are highly relished.

Pay Ghost. The semi-monthly visit of the paymaster to Jackie is termed the "ghost walk," a traditional appellation in the Navy as well as in commercial life. Compulsory allotment of \$15 of his monthly pay of \$32.00, the deduction of more dollars for necessary clothing not provided by government allowance, and for government insurance, which all men in service carry, make the visit of the paymaster to Jackie sometimes a visionary affair indeed and justify the ghostly simile.

Peajacket. Regulation short overcoat worn by sailors.

Psychiatric Unit. The mental laboratory for

testing the mental fitness and determining the sanity of applicants for admission to the Navy. A regulation department of every naval training station; the "brig for navy nuts."

Punk. Jackie vernacular for bread.

Rookie Tar. Navy recruit.

Salty. Navy vernacular for one who assumes sea-going ways to a noticeable degree; referring also to undue assumption of authority, particularly by petty officers.

Sea-dogs. Sailor's shoes; also sea-farers themselves.

Sea-dust. Table salt.

"Sea-going Walk in Camp Paul Jones." A temporary wooden sidewalk in Camp Paul Jones, one of the several camps at Great Lakes, quartering men of the Public Works Department. It required sea-legs to negotiate it, according to report.

Sea-legs. Ability to walk steadily on deck and accommodate oneself to the pitch and roll of the ship.

Seaman. Sailor trained for deck duties in the operation of a ship.

Ship-jumper. A sailor who deserts ship or goes ashore without leave.

"Shot-in-the-arm." The administration of prophylactic against typhoid and typhus fevers to which all Navy recruits must submit during their stay in detention. It's an un-

pleasant but not severe experience, thrice repeated.

Slum and Gullion. Vernacular for beef stew.

Small-stores. Ship's stores where sailors obtain clothing, outfitting supplies, and small essentials.

Spuds. Potatoes.

Squirms. Stomach-ache.

Swab. Mop or the process of mopping down decks, a popular pastime in the Navy.

Swabbed. Wiped, cleaned, scrubbed.

"Tar-togs Taboo." Referring to Navy Department order forbidding civilians to wear regulation Navy clothing. This rule is popularly supposed to have been aimed particularly at girl sailor-admirers and feminine Navy-souvenir hunters who sometimes almost stripped Bluejacket acquaintances of their apparel; at least such a situation is believed to be referred to by the words in the official order calling attention to the existing "dearth in wearing apparel."

Trapeze Bed. Sailor's hammock, before one is used to it.

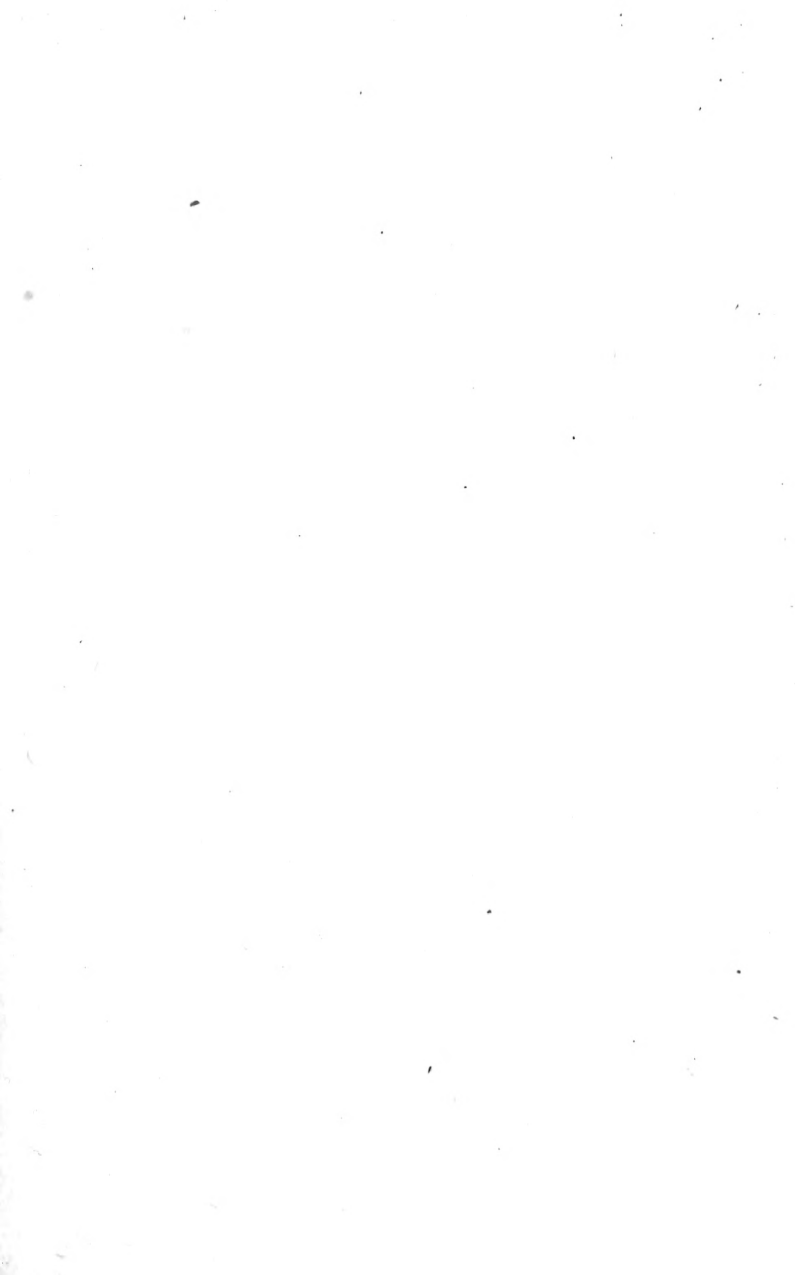
Waukegan. A North Shore town near Great Lakes Naval Training Station, the haunt of Jackies on shore-leave who haven't carfare to take them to Chicago or Milwaukee. "Walking the walk in Waukegan" is zero in sailor occupations.

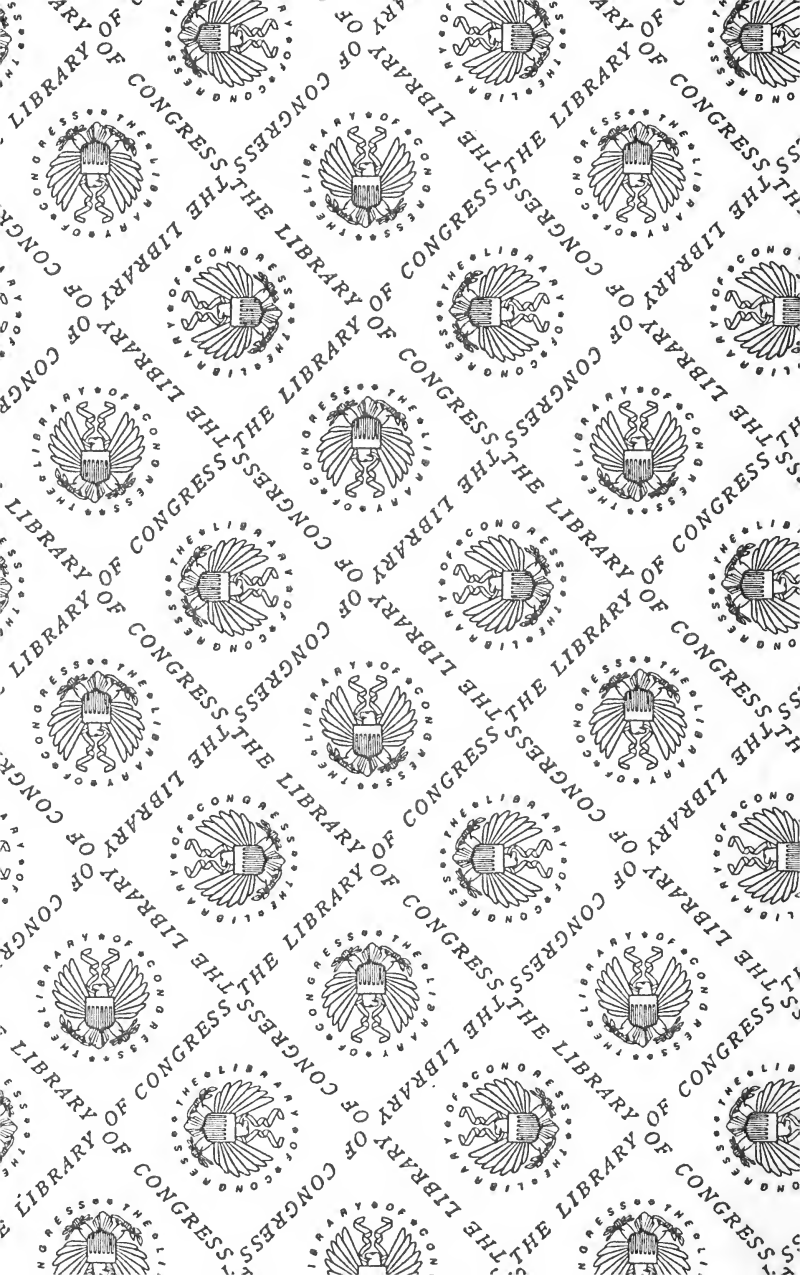
Whites. Sailor's white summer uniforms.

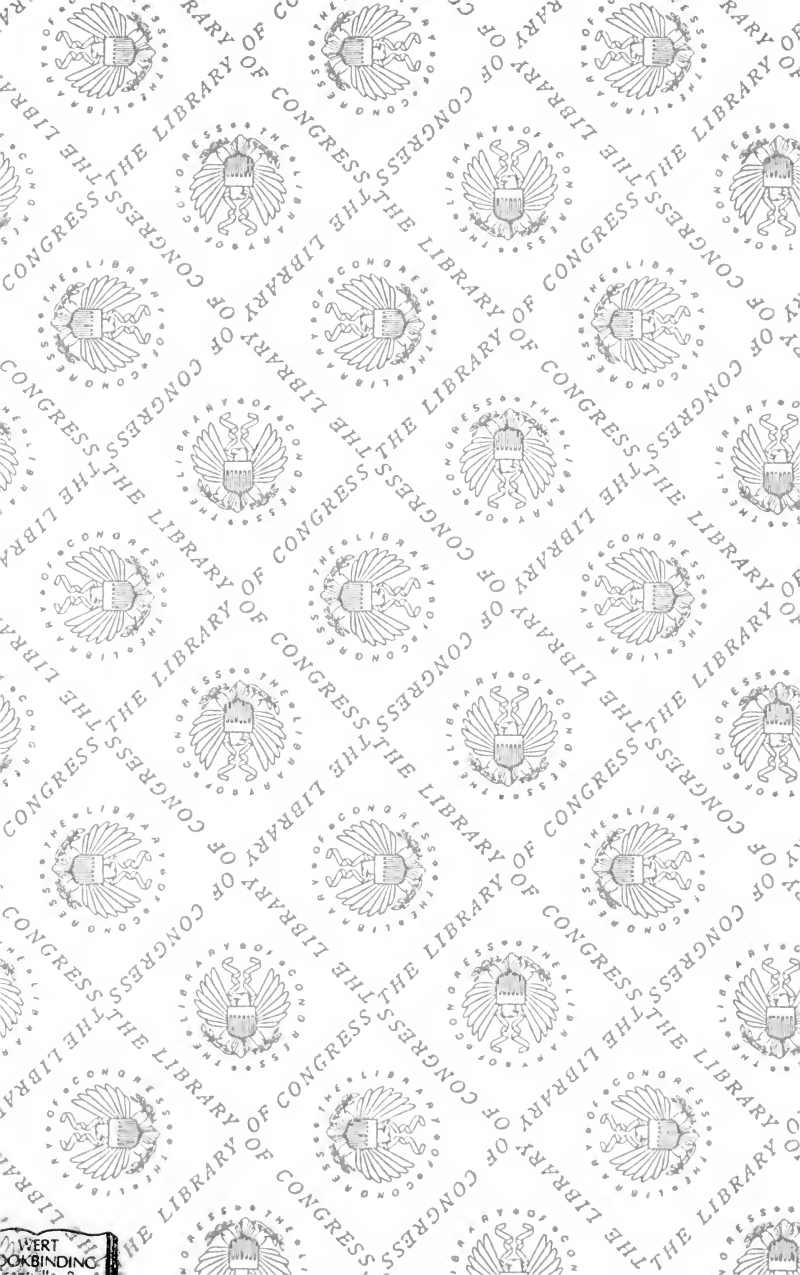
White Leggings. A Bluejacket is "dressed-up" when his flapping blue trouser legs are neatly reefed inside the regulation white leggings prescribed for dress, drill, official review, and shore leave wear. When Jack hies him ashore to captivate the ladies, he struts more nattily and "slays 'em" more easily if his shapely calves are properly encased.

Yeoman. Petty officer assigned to departmental or clerical duties in the Navy. There is a traditional difference between the seaman and the yeoman, the seaman generally considering himself a fighter and an essential in the service, and a yeoman as a practically worthless non-combatant. This opinion of the seaman is sometimes, and not infrequently, corrected by an unexpected display of combative ability on the part of the "pen-pusher."

"You'll Like It." A phrase which greets the rookie entering detention camp from the lips of hundreds of "gobs," who have been in the Navy a few days themselves; and from a big sign posted at the entrance to Camp Decatur, one of the detention group at Great Lakes, referring to the prophesied change in mental attitude of the rookie toward Navy service after the first day. And they do like it.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 898 992 A